



NOT many of the auditors whom Mr. Dustin Farnum interested and thrilled this week, probably were aware they were taking what may be a long farewell of that popular actor. Only those posted on the vendetta-like conditions which exist between the Theatrical Syndicate and their allies on one side, and the Shuberts of New York and their allies on the other, could know that the Liebler company, who own the "Cameo Kirby" production, have cast in their lot with the Shuberts, which means that the Syndicate territory, and that includes Salt Lake, is heretofore forbidden ground to them. Mr. Farnum and his company are now fulfilling an old contract, but henceforth there will be no feeding place for them on the theatrical range between the Missouri river and the coast.

Much as the players may regret it, our theatrical audiences will regret it still more, for not only Mr. Farnum, but Eleanor Robson, Ned Royle's plays (including his coming venture "In the Blood") and several others are all controlled by the Lieblers. A member of the Farnum company yesterday, on being asked the reason for the Lieblers' adhering to the Shuberts rather than the Syndicate, replied that the Lieblers considered they were fully justified, because affiliation with the Shuberts means a fair chance for their productions in New York city, where the Shuberts control 15 theaters, whereas, he said, the Syndicate were pledged to give the best houses, best dates and other preferences to the productions of Mr. Chas. Frohman. The Lieblers became intolerable, hence the split. At the same time, the speaker said there was no telling what 30 days might bring forth. What strange and unforeseen things do happen in the theatrical world, is shown by the fact that Mrs. Fiske and David Belasco are now resting snugly within the Syndicate folds, after having been engaged in a warfare of half a generation with that institution.

Just a kindly word to that graceful little actress, May Buckley, whose winsome reading of the heroine's part in "Cameo Kirby" does so much to contribute to its success.

Why do you remove your role outside the beautiful stage picture formed by all the other characters, by dressing in the period A. D. 1800, while the others strictly adhere to the picturesque costumes of A. D. 1890? Do you think the adhesive skirt and the "hat" of the present day were known to the daughters of the south in the times wherein Tarkington laid his play? A moment's thought on your part, or that of your stage manager, ought to convince you that your gowns and headwear, while they would be very charming as daily hints from Broadway, are both hair-splitting and incorrect when worn by a companion of the scrupulously exact Farnum.

George Hillman and "Redpath" Napanee will head the new bill at the Orpheum theater next week, with an act which carries one back to school-days and is entitled "Fun in a Schoolroom." Hillman himself, who is a fine character comedian, will take the part of a German professor, and under his care are eight lively boys and girl pupils, who make his life a burden for him.

The three Sisters Athletas, who hail from Europe, are skillful and accomplished gymnasts, who are touring the Orpheum circuit direct from a successful engagement at the New York hippodrome. This is their first American tour.

Lew Brown will be heard in some songs and sayings of the roadside. He is one of the best known impersonators of tramp characters.

Mary Armstrong and Billy Clark are two of the best known song writers, who will appear in a skit entitled "Finding a Partner," which serves as a vehicle for the introduction of some of their most popular songs, including "Baby Doll," "The Brave Fireman," "Sweet Adeline," and "I Love My Wife."

Herr Londe and Fraulien Tilly are another acrobatic team whose stunt involves ladder manipulation. The brunt of their work is borne by the lady who



ARMSTRONG AND CLARK,
At the Orpheum All Next Week.

is at the same time a skillful and daring performer. Lucian and company come direct from the east in a one act play called "A Fool's Errand." Theodore Daly, who has an established eastern reputation, is being featured in the act.

Singers and whirlwind dancers are Jack Moffett and Edna Clark. Their creation is a novelty which offers much that is new.

What should prove to be an evenly balanced bill will be rounded out by some capital motion pictures and Willard Weir and his Orpheum orchestra.

The Theater, Colonial, and the Bungalow will all be dark next week, but the Grand is to present a taste of the Shubert attractions in that lively comedy entitled "Girls," and following that, Willard Mack and his company are to enter upon a new career with "Salome." Jane.

"Girls" is well remembered in Salt Lake for the bright presentation given at the Theater during the spring. It had a long run at Daly's theater in New York, and as it comes from the clever pen of Clyde Fitch, everyone knows that there is an amusing treat in store. The engagement of "Girls" will run three nights only, and Mr. Mack and his company will begin a week from Monday.

THEATER GOSSIP

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen will return to America soon and take up rehearsal for Charles Frohman's production of "The Builder of Bridges," in which Kyrie Bellier will be starred. Mrs. Whiffen's stage career covers 4 years, of which 41 have been spent in America. She was born in London in 1845,

and in 1867, and in 1898 married the late Thomas Whiffen. She came to this country as contralto of the Galton Opera company, and afterward spent six years at the Madison Square theater. She was in the original cast of Hazel Kirke, and then entered Daniel Frohman's company at the old Lyceum, where she spent 14 years. In 1897 she went with Charles Frohman's Empire Theater company, in 1903 supporting Margaret Anglin in Zira, and was the original Mrs. Jordan in "The Great Divide."

Orrin Johnson has decided that he is not a singer, so has resigned from "The Gay Hussars," and will stick to straight comedy hereafter.

Edna Wallace Hopper is to be starred this season in a musical piece named "The Harrigan Girl," which is the work of George M. Cohan.

Bruce McRae and Isabel Irving are to have the leading roles in the English comedy, "The Flag Lieutenant," which is soon to be produced at Atlantic City.

Mabel Taliaferro is to open her season in "Springtime" at Washington in October, and the "Tarkington-Wilson-Thompson" play will be taken into New York a week or so later.

Zangwill is writing a play on the theme of universal peace, and hopes to make it his masterpiece.

Nazimova is studying her three hundred roles. She is said to have a repertory larger than any foreign actress. Eugene Walter is at work on a drama for the Russian actress, the scenario of which will be delivered to the Shuberts by the middle of August.

In "Vasta Herne," Mrs. Leslie Carter's new offering for this season, she will be seen for the first time in many years in a strictly modern costume. Of the opportunity thus offered, Mrs. Carter has taken the fullest advantage, and the gowns which she will wear in the four acts of the Edward People play are a certain to create something of a sensation among the feminine portion of her audiences.

The weekly theatrical reviews and criticisms of the "News" appear regularly in the Tuesday issues.

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SIKH OUTWITS LAWYER.

By Clever Trick He Secures Freedom When Things Looked Dark-est for Him.

There is a Sikh out in Victoria, B. C., where Sikhs are about as popular as Japanese in San Francisco, says the New York Sun, who got himself out of a predicament by a clever ruse. He was up against the law and he was something of a black sheep even among the Sikhs it looked as if it would go hard with him.

He had had a bad record in Hongkong and this was known to other Sikhs and to the prosecuting lawyer. So he arranged to have an unfriendly Sikh inform that for a crime in Hongkong he had been branded on the left arm. The unfriendly Sikh lost no time in passing the information to the prosecutor.

The lawyer held the information until he wanted to make a telling point at the trial. Then he pointed an accusing finger at the Sikh and called out sternly:

"Pull up the sleeve on your left arm and let the court see the brand placed there by Hongkong justice."

The Sikh obeyed. His arm was without blemish. The unfriendly Sikh and the lawyer did not know that branding criminals is not in fashion in Hongkong. The point was so telling that the accused Sikh got off.

Saltair—every day a big day.



A FULL TEAM.

Eddie Foy, the comedian, and "part" of his family, the Foy baseball nine.

"Merry Widow" Draws A Million in London

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, August 11.—Two important events, already overshadowed by me but still officially unannounced, are now accomplished facts. H. B. Irving has taken the Waldorf and C. H. Workman secured a lease of the Savoy. Both propose to begin operations early in the coming fall, although after very different fashions. Irving, so soon as the theater has been overhauled and generally brightened up, will make a start with Justin Huntly McCarthy's play "Caesar Borgia," which has enjoyed considerable favor in the provinces. It is, I understand, an ingenious and interesting bit of stagecraft, less a play, perhaps, than an effective series of thrilling and picturesque incidents strung together more or less loosely.

"Harry" Irving's devotion to his distinguished father is not the least striking feature of his character, and it is natural that he should wish to perpetuate the memory of the man who did so much to elevate the English stage, naming his theater after him. Consequently the Waldorf, when it reopens, will do so as the Irving. No one, certainly, will quarrel with such a measure; nevertheless I could have wished that a more dignified name than this where so many thousands of American dollars have been lost had been selected for the honor. Still, should "H. B." as we all hope will be the case, bring back prosperity to the theater there will be no serious grounds for complaint.

Appropos of Sir Henry and his son Harry, I recall a conversation I had with the former not very long before his death. He had been to see "H. B.'s" performance of Hamlet at the Adelphi and he asked me what I thought of it. I replied in suitable terms. The revival had been a matter of ten weeks' thought and deliberation and it suddenly occurred to me to put the question "How long, Sir Henry, did you give to the study of the character before you played it?" "Hm," he replied in his dryest manner, "a matter of ten years. But the race has been quickened since those days, eh, my boy?"

At the Savoy, Workman is to carry on the old policy adopted by Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte. He has three musical pieces in his managerial knapsack: an opera written by Marshall, a brother of Captain Robert Marshall, who must be a Reginald Somerville, favorably known as the composer of a number of popular drawing-room ballads. He further secured a new piece, libretto by Gilbert and score by Edward German whose "Merrie England" and "Princess of Kensington" you may remember I apply the adjective "new" to. It, although a matter of fact the "book" dates back, I believe, some twenty-five years. The idea took form in Gilbert's mind about the time he completed "Iolanthe," but as the story, like the plot of that opera, was largely concerned with the doings of fairies and Sullivan decided to drop it. German's music is, of course, quite fresh and said to be in his liveliest vein. The composer of Workman's "Birds" is Michael Falvey, who has earned a good deal of kudos for himself by his musical work in "Amasis," produced here by Louis Calvert. Falvey is, by profession, an architect and surveyor and, as such, he contrives to make a very tidy income. But, naturally, his ambition is to conquer the world as a popular composer.

In my last letter I frankly confessed ignorance as to the amount which "The Merry Widow" had made for its fortunate possessor, Mr. Falvey. Since then George Edwardes has favored me with some interesting statistics on the subject. The number of performances given at Daly's was, it seems, 78, while 1,800 were given at the Savoy. The average attendance at each, the total reaching the goodly number of 1,167,000. The receipts on the other hand, aggregated \$1,085,000 approximately. This is as much information as Edwardes cares to give. One cannot, however, resist the temptation of trying to arrive at a computation of what he himself has netted by the run. The expenses at Daly's are, manifestly, exceptionally heavy; still I do not think they can possibly exceed a weekly \$7,000, composer's and author's fees included. Taking 108 weeks as the life of the play in London this gives a total of \$760,000 or, in other words, a net profit of \$325,000 for Edwardes. Remember that in this calculation neither the provinces, the colonies nor America figure for anything and it will be readily understood that before "The Merry Widow" finally is laid on the shelf Edwardes will have benefited to the tune of something not very far short of \$1,000,000.

I assisted this week at the first rehearsal of the new Drury Lane drama which, as usual, has been concocted by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, for South America in order to take to herself a home product and the authors lay particular stress upon the fact that their piece is absolutely "clean and wholesome" and like Caesar's wife, is absolutely above suspicion. They have selected for their leading lady, Jessie Bateman, a bright little actress who some two or three years ago went to South America in order to take to herself a husband for the second time. Life in the Argentine appears to have palled on her, however, so she has persuaded her spouse to up anchor and sail for England, home and beauty.

By the bye, among the few Americans who still linger on this side of the Hilda Spang, who may also be fifty

described as "a bright little actress." She is distinctly anxious to be given a chance to show what she can do but so far no acceptable offer has been forthcoming from any London manager. I hear further, that Maxine Elliott has lately purchased a splendid estate in Worcestershire for \$100,000. What with a theater in America and a country mansion in England she ought to be equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic.

Miss Katharine Keirled, who recently attracted a lot of attention in America in the part of the vampire woman in "A Fool There Was," has been spending a few weeks in London seeing plays and also mulling in Scotland. Miss Keirled is in search of a play suited to her peculiar powers, but so far has been unable to find anything, as good plays here she says are as rare as in the states. Miss Keirled sails for New York on the 14th to be under Mr. Frederic Thompson's management for a long season in "A Fool There Was," opening in New York. Rumor has it that we may see Miss Keirled here as a star next season with a prominent manager.

As his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, cannot leave the east of "The Woman in the Case" which is to be transferred a fortnight hence to Sir Charles Wyndham's theater, the New, and which seems destined to see the year out, Arthur Bourcier has engaged Ethel Irving to play the principal female character in his next production at the Garrick, a strong, four-act piece by Alfred Sully, called "A Gentleman." It is almost superfluous to recall Ethel Irving's memorable success in Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick," although the good impression she made has scarcely been deepened, if even maintained, by subsequent performances. At the end of her engagement with Bourcier she will probably start in managing our stage. Our public, too, shows a growing interest in pictures of the theater, at which serious plays are the staple attraction, are closed. Consequently he has had to content himself with musical pieces or with plays of the lighter order.

"In the circumstances," he observed, "I am hardly qualified to pass an opinion on the present condition of the London stage. It seems to me, however, that English dramatists have got into a groove, that their ideas are lacking in freshness and novelty. On the other hand, so far as technique is concerned, they still remain far in advance of ours, who, in point of craftsmanship, cannot be compared to them for an instant."

"Nevertheless, we are advancing by leaps and bounds; more and more we are beginning to rely on the native playwright to supply us with material for our stage. Our public, too, shows a growing interest in pictures of national life and manifestly it is the American dramatist who is best qualified to furnish these. To a large extent the endeavors of American writers are still distinguished by crudeness. But there is strength, there is vital force, there is rugged power in their work. London has had but few opportunities of judging of the quality of the best of our playwrights; yet the number of men who can turn out so masterful a play as to give only one example—'Paid in Full'—is rapidly increasing."

"There is a certain distinction about most of our leading actors which I greatly admire, and which is to be found only too rarely in America. But against this we are particularly strong in character-actors. My brief experience of the London stage leads me to think that your public places a higher value on entertainment, pure and simple, than on artistic achievement. It strikes me that something in the nature of a complete upheaval would do us good; if only we could make a sweeping interchange of dramatists and of artists the result would be beneficial for everybody. You English would benefit by the acquisition of fresh ideas and a wider outlook, while we would gain materially in technical finish and in delicacy of treatment. It is rather curious, however, that France has dropped out of the running. Time was when we looked to that country to supply us with the greater part of technique in the matter of play writing. Today we have almost entirely ceased to draw on it."

"And now as to my plans for Mrs. Fiske. I need hardly say that she is as anxious as I that she should visit London professionally. As a matter of fact I am laying my plans for her appearance here early next spring. The play which I have just commissioned from a well known English dramatist realizes expectations she will do so in that. It is essential to my plan that she should make her debut before a London audience not in any of her American successes, but in a new piece, reflecting English life and character. There is no reason, however, that before the season ends, we should not give some matinees of plays like 'Hedda Gabler,' 'Rosmersholm,' and 'Doll's House' which have won for her the favor of American audiences."

In my last letter I referred to the emphatic success Amelia Bingham had made in Glasgow last Monday, she appeared at the London Palace theater

of Varieties, but, I regret to say, without creating the same favorable impression she appears to have made on northern playgoers. Her stay, therefore, is not to be prolonged beyond tonight.

MEDITATIONS OF A MARRIED MAN

(By Clarence A. Cullen.)

THE handsomest man that ever lived is the one your wife could have married as easily as snapping her fingers if she hadn't been idiotic enough to marry you, says she.

Experimental recipe: To cause a woman's eyes to roll around in her head like moggie cat stoppers for pop bottles, tell her that she is "chick."

When the young woman you've just met is a little tipsy, slip on your coat sleeve to see if the lining is silk, and then tries to hand you the baby stare, don't you believe it, for she's an old hand.

There is something singularly strained about the smile of a temperamental sullen woman who smiles merely to exhibit a cheek dimple.

The woman who sniffs says "Huh! I'd just like to catch myself telling my husband every little thing!" generally has a husband who doesn't care a hang, only she doesn't know it.

Did you ever feel sort of measly with yourself when, after bathing your wife at breakfast and storming out in an unreasonable rage, you met some people on the apartment elevator to whom you HAD to show a little common politeness and agreeableness?

Even the man who doesn't care how risky a bathing suit his wife wears sort of curls up when he sees her

mouth smeared a blood red with lip rouge.

The Smart-Alec girl with the ample line of uncannily sophisticated conversation experiences about the same difficulty in snagging a husband as the skittish "good fellow."

Often the chap who has the name of being "easy-going" and his cronies is a rough rider at home.

Some day women will learn they can accomplish more with smiles than with tears—some remote day, that is, when a vagabond comet is getting ready to knock the world endways.

When she calls you "pet," "babe" and "doll eyes" before breakfast, don't you experience the hunch that there's going to be an immediate income tax in your home?

Because you resolutely take a cold plunge every morning, winter and summer, she can't help feeling that you'd have found the north pole years ago if you'd addressed yourself to that job.

The other occasion upon which the cat laughed was when she saw the two-times young widow working the baby stare upon a male pulpit who believed it.

Familiar quotation: "That's it, pick out an old man's suit of clothes, so that people will have a chance to say that I married my grandfather!"

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